

Bei Mir Bist Du Schon

Of all the folks I've known and I've known some
Until I first met you I was lone some
And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
And this old world seemed new to me
You're really swell, I have to admit, you
Deserve expressions that really fit you
And so I've racked my brain hoping to explain
All the things that you do to me

Bei mir bist du schön, please let me explain
'Bei mir bist du schön' means you're grand
Bei mir bist du schön, again I'll explain
It means that my heart's at your command.

I could say 'bella, bella' even say 'wunderbar'
Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are
I've tried to explain, 'bei mir bist du schön'
So kiss me and say you understand

Bai mir bisti scheyn, bai mir hosti cheyn

Bai mir bisti eyner oif der velt. ♯

Bai mir bisti git, bai mir hosti it

Bai mir bisti tai err eh fun gelt.

Fil shey ne medlach ho ben shoin gevolt, nemen mich

Un fin ze ale ois geklibin, hob ich nor dich

Bai mir bisti schen, bai mir hosti chen

Bai mir bisti eyner oif der velt. ♯

(♯ Bist ene bai mir oif-der velt)

<https://www.milkenarchive.org/music/volumes/view/great-songs-of-the-american-yiddish-stage/work/bay-mir-bistu>

Even if you had a Tatar complexion,
even if you had tomcat eyes,
and even if you had a little limp,
or had wooden legs,
I would say, "It doesn't bother me."

Even if you had a foolish smile,
or were an utter simpleton,
even if you were as unrefined as a wild Indian,
even if you were as common as a coarse Galician Jew,
I'd say, "It doesn't bother me."

"Tell me, how do you explain it?"
Okay, I'll tell you why: Because

to me you're beautiful, to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.
To me you're great, to me you have "it,"
to me you're more precious than riches.

Many beautiful girls have wanted me,
and from all of them I chose only you.
Because to me you're beautiful, to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.